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A MEMORIAL OF SINCLAIR KIRTLEY AND HIS FAMILY

Annie Shields Cooke.

From her Aunt.

M. I. K. Turner.

Denver.

March, 1909.

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A MEMORIAL

OF

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY

AND HIS FAMILY

By His Daughters

MARY SIMPSON TURNER

and

ELIZA KIRTLEY ROYLE

February, 1909

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PREFACE

Honoring and loving the memory of our father, as his children always have done, it seemed to me that a life such as his should continue to influence his descendants for generations to come.

So, for many years, it has been my wish, to put the story of his life into such form, that his children's children might learn something of the rare attributes of a character, which should make them appreciate his virtues and wish to emulate them.

With my sister's hearty sympathy and collaboration, I present this little book to those who we trust will value it.

Mary S. Kirtley Turner.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
of
CAPTAIN SINCLAIR KIRTLEY
By his Daughter
ELIZA KIRTLEY ROYLE.

When I was a child, my father always seemed to me a wonderful man, and as I grew older and had some appreciation of character, I knew he was indeed a remarkable man. In later years, as I made some study of his life and influence upon his times and country, I knew that I was not mistaken in regarding Captain Kirtley as one in a thousand. He was a well educated, rarely cultured gentleman. There are few now living who knew our father, but, I believe for even those early days, when probity, uprightness and chivalry were supposed to be the attributes of a gentleman, his life and character were recognized by all as representing those characteristics. Even as a young lad, he placed a high value on the advantages of education, and in opposition to the wishes of his guardian, Mr. William Buford, took the patrimony left him by his father, and at the age of twenty-one became a student of Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, graduating from that institution four years later. He studied law with his brother-in-law, Mr. Isham Henderson, Lexington, Ky. He went to Columbia, Mis-

souri, in 1824, and I think he married our mother, Mary Ann Breckenridge Peebels, February 3d, 1831. This February was said to have been the coldest known to the then "oldest inhabitant" of the State. The young couple made their bridal trip in a sleigh from Old Franklyn, our grandmother's home, to Columbia, where my father introduced his beautiful young wife to the hospitable and friendly people of the town, at a ball given on the 22d of February of that year.

Our mother was not seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage, and Captain Kirtley was much older (being 32 years of age) than this young girl he had chosen as his mate, but their happy union proved that he had made no mistake. Our father had been fortunate in securing better advantages in education than fell to the lot of many young men who grew up in the frontier States of our land in early times, whereas his young wife had few advantages except such as could be obtained in the backwoods of Old Franklyn, where she attended the little school on the river bank. She was fortunate, it is true, in having been reared by a wise and splendid mother, and her home, though situated on the borders of the State (almost in the heart of the Indian country), was not lacking in culture and refinement. She was scarcely more than a child when she became the head of her husband's home, but I know our father always had the greatest pride in his home under the fine management

of his beautiful young wife. Our mother often deplored the fact that she had no opportunity of securing a finished education, but her very appreciation of her loss made her a student and a woman of self-culture, and as she grew older she became the pride and ornament of the hospitable home where many of the distinguished people of the State were the frequent and always welcome guests. Our father's admonitions to his children were always most impressive. In leaving home and always in his letters to us, he most tenderly committed *our mother to our care.* "Be obedient and loving to your mother, be thoughtful for her, and help her to bear the cares and burdens of the home"—thus ever showing his own great love and regardful care for her. I have since thought our mother's youth and inexperience made him so mindful of her. My grandmother used to say of him: "Every one obeyed him, his horses and dogs for love of him, his negro servants obeyed him even when his back was turned, and his children rendered him unquestioned obedience and devoted love."

I am sure Captain Kirtley was a man "before his time." He was much in public life, not for the honors or emoluments of office, but for the good he could do his country and his State. Many of these things I have come to know by correspondence with those who knew him in the early days of Missouri. It was largely through his influence in the Legislature, and his earnest

work in his own county, that the State University was secured and located at Columbia, at that time one of the most progressive towns of the State. Our father, even at that early day, in connection with Edward Bates and other advanced men of the State, became deeply interested in attempting a solution of the terrible problem of slavery, and some beneficient solution of the " Race Question" which might result in benefit to the white race as well as the reclamation and uplifting of the poor slave. A short time ago, I saw stated in a Columbia paper, that Captain Sinclair Kirtley was the first person who built an ice-house in Boone County. His interest in horticulture and such things prompted him to send to the nurseries in the East to get for his own orchards and gardens the superior fruit trees and fine shrubbery then unknown in the far West. I do not know whether they were brought all the way by coach from Rochester, New York, but well I remember as a child when the stage with its splendid team of six horses dashed up to our front door, and the curious package done up in burlap was taken from the boot and thrown at the door. Father, mother, all the darkies on the place, and the children gathered to learn what was the treasure which had come to us from afar.

After the opening of the University, the students began to flock to the little town from all parts of the State. Father and mother became deeply interested in many of

them, and they were frequently the especial guests of our home. At an early day, too, he organized a dramatic club for the University students, and he must have been their leader, manager and instructor, for even we, as children, can remember some rather pretentious performances given by this company in the crude town hall. "Guy Mannering" must have been one of the plays, for well I remember our father very splendidly dressed in a gorgeous costume of a Scottish chief, taking the part of Rob Roy on the stage. The costume he wore on this occasion was an expensive one, and doubtless correct in every detail. The kilt of Rob Roy plaid, with hat to match, a cock's plume fastened with a brilliant jewel in front, as was also the graceful scarf fastened on the shoulder, the plaid stockings, buckled shoes, and of course, the Scottish sword, completed the costume. I am sure my sister Mary will give her testimony as to the correctness of these details, for all of this beautiful costume was carefully kept in a great chest in our garret which was the depository of my mother's wedding dress, the blue silk gown she wore to her first ball as a bride, the blue prunella shoes worn with it, the high-backed shell combs worn at the time, and many other treasures carefully kept until they were all destroyed by one of the vandal fires of the Civil War, which occurred in Lexington, Missouri. In after years, in speaking of our father's deep interest in the University, both our mother

and grandmother gave us the impression that it was his wish to give the students, who had so few opportunities in those days, some knowledge of and love for the literature which was so dear to his own heart. Athletics had not then become the fashion.

Captain Kirtley, though gentle as a woman, was bold as a lion, and his moral courage was above fear or favor. To illustrate these traits, I will tell a story of a tragedy with which he became connected. This history, told in the family, as we children grew older, made us think that he was a hero, as indeed he truly was. Captain Kirtley espoused the cause of a young negro who was accused of the murder of his master in Callaway County, Missouri. Our father, doubtless, was at Fulton at the time, attending court. The murder of the man had been a brutal one, and though he was wealthy and prominent it was well known that he was a harsh and cruel master, and it was at once surmised that he had been killed by some of his own slaves. Mr. Beesley owned a place not far from the town of Fulton, and on the day of the murder he had gone into town expecting to return that day, but as the night waned he was still absent. His servants, having prepared his supper, were looking for him anxiously. When his fine riding horse appeared at the barn riderless, this alarmed the faithful servants. The horse was stabled and an anxious search made, but the body was not found until next morning. All of the serv-

ants were supposed to have been at home at the time of the murder, except the master's young body servant, Archie, who had permission and his master's "pass" to go that Saturday night to visit his sweetheart, a young negro girl living on a neighboring farm, some miles away. As it was Archie's Saturday night out, he had been ready early and left home as soon as he dared. This was indeed a fatal holiday for the poor boy. Mr. Beesley lived on his place alone with his negroes, his wife having been dead some time, so the poor negroes had no intelligent white person to guide them, and they did not find the master's body until next morning. Captain Kirtley knew Mr. Beesley well, having often been a guest at his house in his journeys from Columbia to Fulton, and he, with the whole community, became deeply interested in this startling murder. The night of the tragedy, after the return of the riderless horse, all of the servants were found to be at home except Archie, and he was at once accused of the crime and arrested. My father, in visiting Mr. Beesley, had frequently met the boy, noticed him as a bright, willing, good-natured lad about the house, and from this knowledge became convinced that he never could have planned or executed such a murder. He investigated the case, visited the poor boy in jail and, convinced of his innocence, at once offered his services to defend him.

The whole of Callaway County was inflamed, for the

murder was a most brutal one, evidently committed by negroes, and this always excited the whites. When found, Mr. Beesley's body had been partly concealed under a large log near the roadside, the axe with which his skull had been crushed was found near the body, and this was identified as belonging to the Beesley wood-pile. The circumstances for poor Archie were indeed most unfortunate. Archie, with a song upon his lips and a carefree, happy heart, rode away that night to end his life upon the gallows. When it was learned that Captain Kirtley had offered his services to defend this negro, the people of the county became incensed, and he was, openly and by anonymous letters, threatened with assassination, and Judge Todd, who was his warm friend, urged him to give it up. But his investigations satisfied him that the boy was innocent. Captain Kirtley had learned from the negroes on the farm where Archie had spent the evening, that the boy must have been there when the murder was committed, but at that time the testimony of a slave was not admitted in any court in the South, and the only bit of testimony my father could produce before that hostile jury was that of a white man, who upon the fatal night was riding home and at the same hour when Archie was on his way home, heard the poor doomed lad singing at the top of his beautiful voice his favorite song, and as Archie was well known in the neighborhood as a fine singer, he identified the boy, whom he knew by his voice.

This was but a slight thread of circumstantial evidence ignored by the jury, and so this helpless, innocent boy was condemned, and in a month's time suffered death on the gallows in Callaway County.

Judge Todd, who was on the bench and heard my father's defense, afterwards told my mother and grandmother that Captain Kirtley was the most dauntless advocate and the bravest man he had ever known. During the trial, there was no way by which my mother could hear from Fulton, which was a town about fifty miles from Columbia, and knowing that her husband's life had been threatened, she spent the days in an agony of apprehension until his return home, to tell the heart-breaking story of his defeat. In his speech, he boldly upbraided the men of Callaway County for their intemperate and unjust hatred of the negro, and warned them that they would live to see the day when in bitterness of heart they would condemn themselves. The sequel of the story proved that he spoke the truth. After poor, innocent Archie was hung, the negroes on Mr. Beesley's place talked constantly about the event, and two of the older negroes, Jake and his wife, confessed the crime. They had often been cruelly treated by their master, and together planned the murder. But they were poor, downtrodden, superstitious creatures, and the visions they saw, and the dreams they dreamed, would not let them rest, and finally they confessed the crime and were tried

and hung. My father was afterwards told that the men of Callaway County were conspicuous by their absence upon this occasion, and he knew that some of these men, who at one time had been his friends, avoided meeting him, showing that in their hearts they felt the bitter shame he had predicted for them. I am closing this sketch of our father's life with this story, though many other incidents of his early life in Missouri might be of interest to his descendants; but it illustrates, I think, a characteristic which was conspicuous in his character, which was to face his duty and do it, regardless of consequences.

A CONTINUATION OF THE "SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CAPTAIN SINCLAIR KIRTLEY," BY HIS DAUGHTER, MARY S. KIRTLEY TURNER.

My dear and honored father's character has been well and truthfully drawn by my sister, Eliza Kirtley Royle, but all has not been said which will show to his descendants the unusually perfect and rounded character of this man, who was revered and loved by every one—old and young alike—who knew him. Until my brother Edwin was eleven years of age, our father and mother had not been members of any church. After a revival in the Presbyterian church, they united with that church, he being elected an elder a few weeks afterward, a position he held in the church, wherever he lived, until the time of his death. In our home prayers were said each morning, when every member of the household was present. Not many Bible verses were read, but every obscure passage was simply explained, my father often asking the servants if they fully understood the passage. If they said "not," then it was more fully simplified. A hymn was sung, our mother's sweet voice leading; the servants' tuneful voices mingling with those of the family, as the words were lined out. My father's prayers were never

long, but I'm sure that every member of the little band gathered around that family altar, from the dear grandmother down, felt the sincerity of his petitions, and that *God was very near.* Who can measure the blessed influences that flowed out from these simple daily services?

I remember well, directly after prayers, one summer morning, that we children were gathered about my mother, when father said, " Children, your mother and I have dedicated our lives to God's service. Now we want to dedicate our dear children to His service by baptism. Are you older ones willing that we should do this? If you are not, then we will have only Rebecca and Fanny baptized." Of course we older ones gladly consented, as we did to everything they thought right, and on the next Sunday morning—Fanny in our mother's arms, the rest of us standing—we were sprinkled with the water of baptism by the old minister, Mr. Jones. I wish to state here, that my father's parents, being of direct English descent, were Episcopalians, but at that time there was no Episcopal church in Missouri outside of St. Louis, and I have heard my father say, that he believed that the doctrines and form of church government in the Presbyterian church more nearly conformed to the early Christian church than any other.

My father's becoming a member of the church did not change his attitude of mind toward *innocent* amusements. Dancing was the amusement mostly indulged in by al-

most every one, and a dancing master gave lessons to the young people every winter, we children being pupils as a matter of course. Our house seemed to have been the rendezvous for all the numerous children in our neighborhood, and often, late in the afternoon, or at twilight, when they must soon go home, my father would get his flute, and calling them together, play for them to dance on our large back porch, every child there being as much at home with him as were his own children.

To my father, more than to any other man or influence, is due the fact that the State University of Missouri was established at Columbia. While deeply interested in everything appertaining to all public affairs of his town and county, yet he had never been in politics, or offered himself for nomination for any public office. But, when the site of the State University was spoken of his friends urged him to run for the Legislature, saying that they knew of no man who could so influence its members, in favor of Columbia, as could he. Consenting, he was nominated and, though a whig, and the town and county democratic, he was elected, eighteen votes only being cast against him. The Legislature did not, during that term, decide the site of the University, so father again ran for the Legislature, and was again elected, not one vote being cast against him, as often my grandmother declared. The members of the Legislature, appointed for the purpose, came to Columbia, were handsomely entertained, and, as

every one said, through father's influence, gave the people of Columbia what they so much desired. Gen'l Bela Hughes, who served in the Legislature with our father, said to my mother, "I never loved any man as I loved *that* man," pointing to his picture. "When in the Legislature with him, and opposing factions were hurling their strongest and hardest words at each other, when Sinclair Kirtley got upon the floor, instantly his words fell upon the excited members as oil upon the waters, and soon all was calm again." A sketch of his life and services is among the archives of the University.

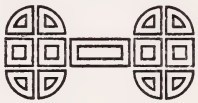
My father practised in the courts of many of the towns of upper Missouri, going to them always on horseback, usually accompanied by the Supreme Judge of the State and a life-long friend, Judge David Todd. Four horses were always kept in his stable, and many were the delightful rides those of us children who were old enough enjoyed with him, early summer mornings being the favorite times. Never were children reared under happier auspices, or in a sweeter home; the house not large, but set in the large grounds of two whole blocks of the town. Here was an ice-house, spacious stables, corn-crib, etc., all a little way from the house, while on a little farm of forty acres, a mile from town, were grown all the foods for the animals, horses and cows. Here also were hickory and walnut trees, and hazel bushes, which furnished us with barrels of nuts for winter. The large

yard, with its fruit as well as shade trees, and fine well, made the delightful play-ground for the children. Over the walls of the house were honeysuckles and climbing roses, and I cannot, to this day, inhale the fragrance of either, that the picture of our sweet home does not, in imagination, instantly appear before me.

My father's recreation was in his garden and orchard, and his family have always felt that a sad mistake was made, when he was persuaded by his brother-in-law, Mr. Edwin Ryland, of Lexington, Mo., to enter into a law partnership with him, and move to St. Louis. The life being so different, he sadly missed his horses, his fruit-culture and flowers, and, not least, the dear, life-long friends of his early married life in Columbia. It was not many years before his health suffered from the close confinement to business, and he was advised by his physician to seek California's genial climate. His letters, which follow in this, will tell of his hard trip to reach there, and his delight with California and its future possibilities. His aim was as soon as possible to provide a rural home for his beloved family in Sacramento, where very soon he hoped to find his old-time recreation among fruits and flowers, and cultivate a garden even more bounteous in its yield than the old, beloved one of Columbia.

Alas for human hopes! He died of paralysis, after only three days' illness, a few days after writing his last

hopeful letter, April 27th, 1853. He was buried in Sacramento with Masonic honors, he having been Grand Master of the State of Missouri. Although he had been away from St. Louis over a year, as soon as the news of his death reached the city, a meeting of the St. Louis Bar was held, and most touching and eloquent addresses were made by the most eminent lawyers of the city, in testimony of his worth and beautiful character. These will be printed in this little book, to show to his descendants in what regard he was held by the public, as well as by his own family.



RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF SINCLAIR KIRTLEY: PROCEEDINGS OF THE ST. LOUIS BAR.

At a meeting held by the members of the St. Louis Bar, on the 8th day of June, 1853, to take some action in relation to the death of Sinclair Kirtley, Esq., late a member of the St. Louis Bar, on motion of Mr. Willis L. Williams, Edward Bates, Esq., was called to the chair and John R. Shepley was appointed secretary. On taking the chair Mr. Bates alluded to the melancholy occasion which called the Bar together, and the high character and eminent worth of the deceased.

Samuel Glover, Esq., then offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

" Resolved, That this meeting has learned with the deepest regret and sorrow of the sudden death of Sinclair Kirtley, Esq., late a member of the St. Louis Bar, about the 27th of April last, at his residence in the city of Sacramento, California.

" Resolved, That this meeting deem it a solemn duty, which they not only owe to the deceased, but to themselves and the public, to record their high appreciation of the noble character of their late departed brother.

"Resolved, That years of professional intercourse with him only served to fix in our minds and hearts more and more deeply the impression of his many sterling qualities and manly virtues. No one, in our judgment, ever lived with purer motives; more resolutely met the trials of this life, or more faithfully assumed the responsibility depending on the discharge of its duties. Our lamented brother united the rare endowments of gentleness without weakness and firmness without severity, which, to these again in a very eminent degree, he added the crowning graces of a most devout and active Christian piety. In all the relations of life, whether as an officer of the law, or as a citizen, in the capacity of friend, husband or father, he has left a character that may be praised without adulation, and which but few could study without advantage.

"Resolved, That this meeting do deeply and tenderly sympathize with his bereaved and disconsolate family.

"Resolved, That the president of this meeting is hereby requested to transmit to the family of the deceased a letter, expressive of the sincere condolence and grief of the meeting for their irreparable loss, accompanied with a copy of these proceedings."

On motion, it was resolved that the proceedings be presented to the several courts, etc.

The remarks at this meeting of Messrs. Glover, Wil-

liams and Coulter, were beautiful tributes to the memory, and leave a very high impression of the exalted worth of the deceased. We make the following extract from the speech of Mr. Glover. It is the eloquent portrayal of a character which is deserving of honor in any station:

"I remember well the occasion of my first acquaintance with the deceased. It was in Paris, Mo., in the spring of 1838. We met there as lawyers, practising in Judge McBride's circuit. The opinion then formed of him in an intercourse of two weeks, during which time he was constantly engaged in important professional labors, remained unchanged till the hour of his death. Then was commenced a friendship most intimate and confidential; never interrupted; never temporarily ruffled during the fifteen years that have ensued. Previously to the period mentioned, we had not resided nearer each other than the distance between Palmyra and Columbia. But let no one suppose the mere intercourse of the bar is insufficient to enable us to form an accurate notion of the value of a character. Sir, the man, who in the course of fifteen years' practice of the law, never availed himself of the opportunity which absence or other cause threw in his way to take some deep advantage of a brother lawyer; the man who never found it convenient to forget an agreement which he had fairly entered into touching the trial of the cause; the man who never *could be induced on any pretence* to violate an agreement which he had ad-

mitted he had made, might be safely trusted in any other capacity. Integrity of character either exists, or it does not. If the virtue is in him, it fills the entire space, spreads from centre to circumference, and illuminates every nook and corner of the most secret recesses of the heart. It is like yonder sun, whose beams shine everywhere. * * *

"It follows from what has been said, that Sinclair Kirtley never could consent to make the practice of the law an engine of oppression in his hands. To that whole class of practice, therefore, by which the rules of courts and the rules of law—all of them intended for the purposes of justice—are sometimes seized upon and perverted to iniquitous ends, our lamented brother was a total stranger. Such was the force of his opinions on this subject, that had he caught a brother lawyer 'on the hip' and taken against his client a judgment by default upon an unjust demand, and had he failed upon a proper suggestion of the facts to submit the matter to arbitration of fair litigation, he would have regarded himself as personally degraded. Sir, he could not have rested on his pillow through the night, without feeling the burden of such practice weigh heavy on his conscience. The code of ethics which Mr. Kirtley always inculcated, and by which his own conduct was governed through life, never permitted him as an attorney and counsellor at law, or solicitor in chancery, to do, or omit to do, in his profes-

sional capacity anything which, in his own judgment, would have dishonored him as a gentleman. To his mind injustice was the same, whether standing out in all its naked deformity, or clothed in the habiliments and forms of the law."

The following are some of the interesting portions of the remarks of Mr. Williams:

" It was at the revising session of 1844 and '45, when Mr. Kirtley was one of the representatives of Boone County, that it was my good fortune to make his personal acquaintance. I say 'good fortune,' sir, for such I have always considered it. Before I saw him, his character of head and heart had been made known to me by those who had long been on terms of familiar acquaintance with him: among others the present distinguished presiding judge of our Supreme Court, who had been his friend for many years. And you, sir (Judge Edward Bates), had said, ' Get acquainted with that sterling man, Kirtley.' After five months of constant daily intercourse, under circumstances of deep interest and frequently of trial and difficulty, sitting near him in the house, watching his assiduous labors as Chairman of the Judiciary and Revising Committees; boarding at the same table with him all the while; communing with him in sickness and in health; hearing his voice in sweetest social intercourse, whilst absent from his home and in the bosom of his own dear family, and many times in prayer and praise to God; I

am ready to proclaim here and everywhere that I have never known a better man than Sinclair Kirtley. I am not disposed to indulge in fulsome eulogy, but I would, in the presence of my professional brethren here assembled, many of whom know not the subject of my discourse, utter none but words of truth and soberness; not only with a view and in hopes of rendering some faint tribute, in this public manner, to the blessed memory of Mr. Kirtley, but with an earnest desire also to induce those who live after him, to imitate and practise his virtues; and, if I knew his foibles—which *I do not*—they should be stated that we might avoid them.

" He was, in the upper counties of Missouri, a prominent member of our ancient and learned profession for a great many years, and well did he sustain himself in his conflicts with the best minds with which he came in contact. Seldom ornate, never perhaps brilliant, he was always clear, comprehensive and sensible. He would not have been generally called a man of genius, but he was a man of talents and of sound learning and judgment. But his *greatest and most charming trait was his* GOODNESS! A warmer or purer heart than his never palpitated in any man's bosom.

" In the vigor of manhood, after mature deliberation and the exercise of a good judgment, he attached himself to a Christian church, of which he continued a valuable, zealous, and most consistent member to the hour of his

departure for another, and, we believe, a better world. During his residence here he was chosen to the office of an elder of the Central Church (Presbyterian), the varied and often delicate duties of which he performed to the entire satisfaction of that numerous congregation, all of whom, who expect to reach Heaven, rejoice now in the glorious hope of seeing there the friendly, benign and joyous face of this humble follower of Jesus. Sir, Sinclair Kirtley is, and has been for years, a most familiar name in Missouri, and especially so among those who call themselves Christians, and it does my soul good to believe that he is this day in Paradise. I knew him intimately—I have been with him in all the varied relations of life—as a statesman, member of the church, lawyer, father, friend; in none of them did I ever know him to forget his dignity and profession—never did I hear or know of his committing an act, or uttering an expression that would create a doubt of his honesty and sincerity.

"After he came to this city, although but little past the prime of life, it was observed that his health was failing. Doubtless, the mysterious disease, which partially prostrated him before he left us, with the hope of eradicating which he went away, and by which he was at length destroyed, was even then beginning to prey upon his vitals. It is not more than a year since we bade him farewell, wishing him a long, prosperous and happy life amid the golden sands of the Pacific. We did hope that

the climate he sought might restore his health, and that he might welcome to that distant clime the loved ones of his home, to rejoice with them through many long years. But such was not the will of Him 'who doeth all things well.' No doubt his life proved a happy one, for he was happy everywhere. It was hardly possible for so good a man to be otherwise than happy. In the month of April last, I had the pleasure of seeing in this city, his excellent, devoted wife and his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who were full of hope and buoyant with joy at the prospect of meeting their husband and parent the coming autumn, when they expected to go to him in California. They had a good report of his success in business, and most cheering accounts of his improving health. How little did they expect that the next news from that distant State would be that he had passed away!"

General Coulter paid a feeling tribute to the beautiful virtues which adorned the character of Sinclair Kirtley, closing as follows: "How sudden the shock, to be told that he is cut off by death! And if the shock is great to us, his friends, how much greater to the near and dear relatives left behind. Theirs must be no ordinary sorrow. I, too, have the pleasure of knowing some of them, and never have I known the absent spoken of with more heartfelt affection, or his necessary separation from them more deeply regretted. Such devotion could not be be-

stowed upon an ordinary man. They, too, were buoyant with hope of a speedy reunion, and saw no difficulties or dangers in the journey to California, if the husband and the father were to be met at the end of it. But this is sacred ground, for impious is the hand that lifts the veil that conceals private grief from the public eye. I allude to it merely to say, that, after all, a man's highest eulogy is the devoted love of such a family, and his best requiem their sincere, earnest, abiding sorrow for his loss. We esteem it a privilege to be permitted to mingle our sorrow with theirs."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE COLUMBIA (MISSOURI) PAPER.

"Captain Kirtley was a citizen of this place for many years, and the unexpected intelligence of his sudden death, far away from his family and early friends, deeply moves all who knew him.

"As a lawyer, citizen, legislator, husband, father, Christian, none shone more brightly. Indeed, in all those sterling and priceless qualities which endear a man to his family and acquaintances, and render sweet his memory, Captain Kirtley was distinguished.

"In view of a dispensation so peculiarly afflicting to his wife and children, we beg to offer our condolence and

sympathy; to mingle our tears with theirs over the death of one bound to them by the endearing ties of husband and father, and to us by the bonds of sincere friendship. Peace to his ashes—respect to his memory!"

THE MEMBERS OF THE BAR OF SACRAMENTO CITY, CALIFORNIA

assembled at the Court House on Thursday, April 28th, to testify their respects to the memory of their deceased associate, Sinclair Kirtley:

"Whereas, the painful tidings of the death of Capt. Sinclair Kirtley have just been announced to the citizens of Sacramento, and

"Whereas, in the death of their associate, a man no less distinguished for his public ability than his private virtues, the members of this Bar deeply realize the loss which this community and the legal profession have sustained; therefore, in honor of his memory be it

"Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of the deceased, and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"Resolved, That in his decease the legal profession has been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and society of one of its most useful members."

And other resolutions.

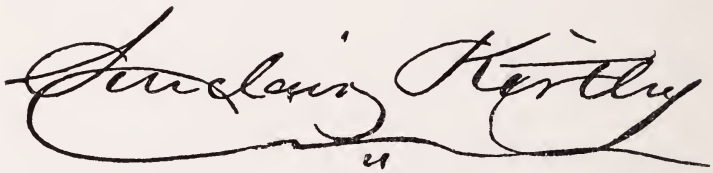
EXTRACTS FROM OUR FATHER'S LETTERS, WRITTEN ON THE JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA, BY WAY OF NEW ORLEANS, VERA CRUZ, CITY OF MEXICO AND THENCE TO ACAPULCO.

April 13th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

I with six others have taken passage on the brig *John Williams,* to Vera Cruz. * * * My health continues to improve slowly, the weather has been most delightful, and but for my eager anxiety to get on, and the absence of my family, I should have spent a delightful time in this interesting city. (Then he speaks of meeting a number of St. Louis friends in Dr. Scott's church.) * * * I regret exceedingly that I did not ask you to write to me here, on your arrival in Columbia. Tell my dear Rebecca and Fanny I think of them very often, both sleeping and awake. I knew not how much I would miss them until absence made me feel it. I charge them both that they will be very dutiful and good children to their mother until I am permitted to meet them again, should a gracious Providence so in His mercy order it. (After kind messages to friends, he continues). Give my filial

love and duty to mother, a father's kiss and love to our dear children, and receive for yourself, my dear wife, the sincerest love and most earnest prayers of one who for many years has anxiously, though not very successfully, toiled for you and them, in a manner he never would have done for himself. And may the great and gracious Giver of all good watch over, take care of and abundantly bless you all, is the sincere prayer of yours, ever fondly,



New Orleans, April 14th, 1852.

My Dear Daughters:

To my own astonishment, I am yet here, but shall be off at the farthest by to-morrow or the next day. I had a tedious, but otherwise pleasant trip to this city. * * * The vessel on which I have taken my passage is the brig *John Williams,* Captain Goodspeed, both great favorites with the shipping and travelling public, and I hope that the residue of my journey may be as favorable and pleasant as it has been thus far. * * * I have had much to interest me, and my health, I am sure, is decidedly improved. There are seven of us who have taken

passage on the *Williams* going to California, and by the same route. As far as I have seen of them, I think it will be quite a pleasant company. The change of season and of scenery, with the many interesting points of view on my passage down, was indeed interesting, but, unfortunately, we had not a passenger, of the few on board, who had heart enough to sympathize with me in such pleasures.

Since my arrival here I have occupied much of my time in visiting the fine churches, and have been to several fine hotels, greatly superior to anything in St. Louis. But I think the burying grounds are the most remarkable curiosities to strangers, in this strange city. I have also visited Lake Pontchartrain, by steam cars and on horseback, by the new and beautiful shell road. But, enough of this: I should exhaust my letter in enumerating the ways by which I have been trying to kill time in my unwilling and long delay here, without giving you any satisfactory description of these various curiosities. * * * (He then speaks of meeting and visiting several old friends, living in New Orleans).

I find walking on these dead-level streets tires my feet, and when tired, I return to my boarding place and enjoy the comfort of resting in my beautiful slippers, Mary's acceptable present and work. * * * And now, my dear children, before closing, I have a few suggestions to make, about which I am deeply anxious. Culti-

vate a constant and filial intercourse (for such is your *privilege,* if your hearts are right before Him) with your merciful Creator. Enjoy rationally His blessings, but enjoy them in reference to His word and will. And though the ordinary disappointments incident to humanity may come, all shall, in the end, work together for good. Be very prudent and careful with your health. Let nothing induce you unnecessarily to expose it, and without forgetting this, make the best use of your very precious time, in the excellent school you now enjoy. Give my warmest good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Withers (Mary and Eliza were staying with them, in St. Louis, to finish their term at school, after which they joined their mother in Columbia), and receive for yourselves the prayers and love of your anxious father,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

VERA CRUZ, April 29th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

After a stormy and tedious passage, we anchored in this port at 10 o'clock last night. We were visited by a number of officers this morning, who took a minute account of our baggage, and permitted us to land in this strange city this morning, whence we took the national diligence in an hour. Our passage from New Orleans has been stormy and tedious, but, by the protection of a

merciful Providence, safe. On the morning after getting into the Gulf, we discovered we had sprung aleak and had four feet of water in the hold. The captain thought that, unless the leak could be found, we must sink in an hour. I thank God in that critical hour I still felt strong in His mercy. We threw out 33 bales of cotton and considerable amount of lumber, *found the leak,* and in a short time felt that the danger was past. Then a northerly wind sprung up, that drove us far south, during which time we were, by stress of weather, in much danger, but were again mercifully protected and brought into this port, so that I can safely say that my entire trust in the goodness and mercy of a kind Providence was never more vivid and firm than at this moment.

I cannot, starting as I do in an hour, give you any description of this very strange city, but will endeavor to do so from Mexico. My health is greatly improved, and I feel strong in the hope that I may yet enjoy much of health and life, to struggle for my wife and dear children. Be of good cheer. Be faithful to Him, who is our faith and hope. * * * That God will enable me to resume the future care and protection of those for whom alone life is dear to me, is my constant prayer. Love to mother and our dear children, and believe me ever affectionately,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

City of Mexico, May 4th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

Our party of seven reached this ancient city by the diligence from Vera Cruz, yesterday. All pretty well, but very weary and sleepy, from the travel, without being robbed, or in anywise frightened. At the taking of our passage, we were required to pay the magnificent government of Mexico fifty cents each, for a guard to protect us from the robbers that infest the road. They consist of three rattling, dashing, suspicious, tawny-looking Mexican soldiers, mounted on wiry, prancing, spirited mustangs, and armed with short carbines and a rattling sword and lance. They looked like they would dash off for the safety of their own precious selves at the first appearance of a guerilla. * * *

The road from Vera Cruz to this city is, for its length, one of the finest in the world, with bridges across all creeks and rivers and ravines, and with scenery unequalled, perhaps, in any country. The wild and magnificent mountain scenery, with the frequent snow-capped peaks, inviting you, by their apparent nearness, and the warm, dry plain, travelling through which, amid dust and thirst, to canter up their sides for the apparently easy means of procuring the cold, refreshing draught, that seems now priceless, because inaccessible; for these snow-capped and dazzling mountain heights, apparently so near, seem to change little in their relative distance

during a whole day's travel. * * * (He describes the Spanish towns en route, which were taken by our American soldiery during the Mexican war, and adds):

They serve to give this country a peculiar character unlike, perhaps, aught else in the world. Surely Providence has been most bountiful and lavish in His favors to this people, who have been equally thoughtless and reckless of these blessings, until there would appear to be no hope of their recovery, but by their entire conquest by a more enterprising people. * * * Their public works are surpassingly great. Their cathedrals and churches possess incalculable wealth and splendor. The Alamador of 12 acres, beautifully ornamented with many fountains, flowers, varied and beautiful walks, carriage drives, and places for recreation and refreshment for all ages and classes, is beyond any powers of description I possess. Here every evening * * * are to be seen the fashion, the wealth, and squalid poverty, of the people. But these descriptions give you little idea of the scenes themselves.

We found Mr. Letcher, our minister, all that was courteous, attentive and kind, gave us all needful advice and letters, to help us on our way. We leave at one o'clock to-day, 5th of May, for Acapulco, which we should reach in nine or ten days. Our party has increased to a round dozen—quite as many as we desire. My expenses have been, and probably will be, about what I calculated. And now, my dearest wife, I must commend

you and all I hold dearest in life, to the protection and goodness of Him who has preserved and watched over me amid dangers that might have appalled the bravest. * * * Believe me ever truly and fondly your own,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

ACAPULCO, May 17th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

Our company arrived in this city, night before last, without any serious accident, all in pretty good health, but miserably dirty, sun-browned and ragged. * * * For myself, I was so much more comfortable on *terra firma* than on the mountain wave, that I was all the way from Mexico ready to sing, "But a chosen band in a *mountain* land and a life in the *woods for me.*" We are looking for a steamer for San Francisco this evening, and two others in a few days, but I shall endeavor to be as little impatient as possible until one does arrive. There are a considerable number of Americans here. * * * We have seen nothing as yet of the great Pacific ocean, except this fine bay, which is completely land-locked, shutting out the view of the ocean by the high hills. The bay runs into the land, making one of the most capacious and finest harbors in the world. I can conceive nothing finer than the bathing it affords, with its long sloping sandy bottom and its clean and quiet places for dressing and

undressing, all of which those of our company regularly enjoy every day, before sunrise and after sunset, leaving to the natives the more acceptable hours of the glorious sunshine.

A report has just been received, that a vessel has been telegraphed at the mouth of the bay, "No more passengers taken." We trust we shall again be on our way by the time we are rested, our clothes washed, and ready for our further voyage. * * * I must say this is a country of wonders, with a mixed population, with many good natural traits of character. * * * A delightful climate, and a land teeming with unexplored mineral wealth and undeveloped agricultural luxuries and plenty. * * * * In this city I have not yet seen a carriage, or any wheeled vehicle. * * * I have heard much of the beautiful senoras of Mexico, but having seen thousands of every shade, from the brunette of Castilian blood to the copper-colored Indian, I have yet to see the first beautiful woman. If detained any time I may write again, or, if not from here, will write from Sacramento. Heaven guard and bless you all. Yours ever,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

The letters written from May 17th to July 10th have been lost. But I remember that my father's account of the voyage from Acapulco to San Francisco was one of

hardship and terrible discomfort, so that he said that he could not bear to recall it.

SACRAMENTO, July 10th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

* * * My health is, I think, steadily improving and I have great hopes, that with the blessing of Providence, the influence of this fine climate and the necessary care and self-denial I am endeavoring to exercise, that I may regain my former strength and ability to labor for the support and advancement of my dear family. I have not fully determined on my permanent location, but shall do so in a few days, unless I meet with some inducement to change. I think I will remain here.

My father was of a genial, social nature, and he was fortunate in finding that a number of old friends from Missouri had settled in and near to Sacramento, and life was made pleasanter for him by his renewed and friendly intercourse with them, all of which he writes about, in his letters home.

SACRAMENTO, August 28th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

I at last received your letter, written June 19th,

after it had been on its way nearly two months. * * * Edwin has reached Carson City and is very well, and I am looking for his arrival here any hour. * * * Edwin writes that he has had better health than he ever had in his life; that he had not seen half the hardships he expected, and that a trip across the plains is not as bad as most people make it out. * * * Dr. Ellis is very anxious to join me in procuring apple and peach seed this fall, from Missouri, by some friend coming to this country, that we may at once commence the raising of fruit trees, which we may yet be spared years enough to enjoy with our families. Try and send us some this fall, if possible, in time to meet the November and December rains for sprouting and planting out. A few plum, damson and cherry seed would also be acceptable. By way of showing how things may successfully be brought out, as, for example, two *bee-hives,* with the bees in full health, were landed in San Francisco from the States, and when opened and the bees commenced flying about, the successful importer could have sold either of the stands to a hundred purchasers for a thousand dollars. * * *

My dearest, it rejoices me to inform you that *Edwin has arrived,* has grown considerably and looks heartier and better than I ever saw him. How grateful should we be to the gracious Giver of all our mercies! Edwin, after resting a day or two, will go down to his Uncle

Cary's, who is anxious for his arrival, where he will not only increase his knowledge of business, but be under the care of his uncle, who will watch over him with the same anxiety that I should. * * * I am gradually wearing out the effects of my St. Louis attack of threatened paralysis. * * * I have said very little of my views of California, and now I am not disposed to venture a great deal on my judgment, for I find the wonders of the country grow upon me so fast, and I seem to understand so little of the real characteristics of it, I am still disposed to defer my speculations a while longer. That the climate, soil and productiveness of the country in fruits, vegetables and grains is greatly superior to anything I have ever known, is indisputable. It is also certain that the steady yield of gold will continue for many years. * * * Lewis and Cary are well and, I think, doing well. * * * My love and duty to mother. My daily prayers and most earnest petitions ascend to our ever-gracious Providence for every blessing for my dear wife and children. Ever affectionately and devotedly your fond husband,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 24th, 1852.

My Dear Child (Mary):

The last mail from the States brought me your very acceptable letter, together with your mother's.

Yours was the first letter I have received from any of the family, except the regular and faithful letters of your dear mother. May you, my child, with your sister, be encouraged to follow and emulate her example in the discharge of every known duty. Tell Eliza, Rebecca and Fanny that I will work hard to find time enough to answer all the letters they will write to me. Tell them also that I shall prize the willing and voluntary letters of my children, as well for the pleasure they afford myself as also to encourage and improve a habit of letter writing, that will be a great accomplishment and a most agreeable and valuable acquisition in all subsequent life. I was much gratified to receive an account of your pleasant trip to Glascow with my fair friend Miss Anna, and of the many enjoyments that awaited you in your return to your native town. (Then follows a long and interesting letter, upon other subjects.)

October 23rd, 1852.

Dearest:

Yours of September 5th reached me yesterday. * * * I have an objection to making large promises, as I have too little faith in myself to be sure I may not fall short in the performance, and long experience has taught me, that it is more wise to do a dozen good things unpromised, than to omit one I was pledged to perform.

My health is comparatively good, and if I can hold what I have got, with my present ability to attend to business, I shall continue to be pleased with California, and I trust I will be enabled to do very well.

For myself, I do not expect to find a country I would prefer in any quarter of the globe. One of the most striking differences in its favor, over any other country I ever saw, is that almost every man, aye, and the ladies, too—bless them—are estimated, as far as they can be found out, by their *real merit,* and not by their fine dress, pretended blood, or aristocratic airs. If, perchance, the trip to this country does not cure them, as it is apt to do, and a donkey appears here in a lion's skin, or a feminine jackdaw is putting on airs, because she is decked in the pea fowl's plumage, a *well-bred* calico or flannel-shirted miner or teamster will, if the occasion is offered, pluck the skin off the one, or expose the false feathers of the other, with the same *sangfroid* that he would spit a fat antelope or wild turkey for his dinner. I have seen, too, with approbation, on a number of occasions, a sincere lover of the Bible, in a plain, though clean mining or teaming dress, perhaps the best he had, walk into our best churches on the Sabbath, without being impertinently stared at, join in the services, apparently with an honest, manly consciousness that his worship would be as acceptable as the finest dressed gentleman or lady in the congregation. I am very conscious that many of my opinions

are thought antiquated, and were very unsuitable to the latitude of St. Louis. I imbibed them in early life from one of the best of men, a most indulgent father, and no change of scene or circumstances has ever shaken my estimate of their correctness or value.

You submit the question, whether you had not better stay in Missouri until I see how I succeed. Prices are indeed very high, but I have only to bring my wants within my means and consult my purse, and those same early teachings that advised me to keep the old coat until *I could pay for the new one,* instead of counselling with my pride, the evil vanishes at once, and I shall unquestionably succeed to every reasonable extent. The primitive simplicity of general society and the tendency to judge of men by themselves, and not by their tailors, enables me to do this without loss of my self-respect, or being compelled to give up any of my early and native love of social intercourse. Still, knowing that my own views should be influenced and modified by others connected with me, I am induced to adopt your suggestion that your emigration had better be deferred until the further indications of time and Providence shall open the way more fully to the step. * * * Edwin is very well and, I believe, is well pleased. Cary and Lewis are well. Have seen none of them since Edwin went to San Francisco. We appear to be all workers, yielding the pleasures of travelling to those who have more means and a less sacred use for

them than preparing for the comfortable emigration of those we love better than our own self-indulgence.

I have just met Mr. Kramer, who is teaching classes in music, and I am hoping he may continue here until your arrival, when he can complete Mary's and Rebecca's music, and, if desirable, either of the others that may determine to study music. Tell Fanny I have gotten a young, sprightly shepherd dog, of the Scottish breed, with one light blue and the other a dark hazel eye, and long, curly, silken hair; very fond of its master, and is learning to fetch and carry. Fanny must take an interest in him, when she arrives. Tell her also, with Eliza and Rebecca, that I am holding myself in readiness to answer their numerous letters—that is, when I shall get them. * * * Give my filial duty and love to mother—a father's warmest affections to my dear daughters, and receive, my dear wife, the assurance of the unfailing confidence and fond regard of your far-distant husband. May our Heavenly Father, who has preserved us from manifold dangers and evils, still bless, guide and sustain you all, is the prayer of yours ever and devotedly,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 14th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

Yours of July 3rd and Mary's of 20th received by

last steamer. * * * You ask for my candid opinio: of this country, as far as formed. Well, its climate is glorious, its soil is being clearly ascertained to be among the richest and most productive in the world, capable of producing the largest, abundant and constantly recurring crops of vegetables, grains and fruits, corn and fine apples excepted. Its mineral wealth is but skimmed. * * * There is another striking characteristic in this country, that perhaps, with my peculiar constitution, is its most winning attraction to me: that perfect independence that leaves every one to follow the dictates of his own conscience, the conclusions of his own judgment, being responsible for their proper exercise to the laws, his Maker and himself, controlled only by that regard for the reasonable opinions of those whose good opinion makes up much of the happiness of a virtuous mind. On the reverse of this picture is manifestly painted the great truth, that California exemplifies as strongly as any country ever did, that man, with his unchastened passions, will most abuse God's greatest blessings, by reckless living, extravagance and adventurous speculations. The want of servants will be seriously felt for some time.

Churches and schools are springing up rapidly in every well-settled part of the country. Integrity and moral worth are beginning to be marked and appreciated everywhere.

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

San Francisco, Dec. 15th, 1852.

My Dear Wife:

Mail closes to-day. Our courts have been sitting since my last unconscionably long letter, and I have just risen at 10 o'clock in the morning to write to you a hasty letter. I have enclosed a draft on Page & Bacon for a hundred dollars. I have lost my memorandum of my claims left in Missouri, and I shall be less able to give you a clear account of them now than I have given you several times before. My unsettled interest in our St. Louis fees has no doubt realized and must realize a handsome sum. It was impossible to make the estimate before I left. Mr. Richardson (his partner) doubtless will account to you for every dollar as fast as collected. (A long account follows of various business matters). Your absent, but hopeful husband,

Sinclair Kirtley.

Sacramento, January 21st, 1853.

My Dear Wife:

The mail that arrived on the 21st brought me your letter of Nov. 29th, and many of the facts gave me very great satisfaction. I shall be delighted to get the daguerreotypes from Col. Wood. I heard from Mr. Wallace of his having a package from you, for me, and wrote asking the Colonel if an opportunity offered to send it to me.

And this morning I have asked Dr. Ellis, who is going to Benicia, to take charge of the package, but *not to look at it,* until *I get the first peep.* Then I shall be ready to show with him for a handsome cup, before any competent tribunal in Christendom, *provided* the costumes and hair are in *plain style,* believing with Thompson that " Beauty is, when *un*adorned, adorned the most." I have been much gratified with the pleasant trips you and the girls have been making and the pleasures you have enjoyed in them.

The rainy season in this country is a time of considerable privation, the mud and water very deep and disagreeable. * * * Indeed, transportation and travel are carried on principally by the rivers. I have scarcely been out of Sacramento since the rains commenced. Lewis and Cary have both rented out their farms, and what Lewis will go at next I have not yet learned. Edwin, with what he has been enabled to save from his salary, * * * has commenced business in the provision and produce, in partnership with Mr. Hanstro, having an equal capital. He is said to be a very clever and business-like gentleman, and I greatly hope that they may do well. Edwin has succeeded in pleasing his uncle by his industry and steadiness, and I trust that the stimulus of trading for himself and establishing a character for integrity and personal worth will be a shield and protection from the many temptations that beset the young men

of this country. Later: the rainy season seems to be passing off. We have had a few days of beautiful spring-like weather. Peach trees begin to bloom, flowers in bloom, early vegetables in market. Gardeners planting and sowing. How anxious and restless I feel to be at it, too. Oh! that my dear family could be with me in this most primitive and delightful of all the employments of poor humanity! My love to mother and the children. God bless and preserve you, my dearest, and give you all early to yours fondly,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

March 4th, 1853.

My Dear Children:

As this is the commencement of a new administration, so I have concluded to begin it by turning a new leaf in my correspondence with you. * * * These epochs are very well improved by reviewing our past lives, and entering on fresh and renewed determinations to redouble our former efforts and to strive after new obedience. May our Heavenly Father bless these resolutions, to our mutual growth in every good word and work.

The climate, the country, the city and the people seem all to be making a new start, to be springing into a new existence. Spring is fully here. Gardening, min-

ing, farming, all off in steam-car speed, and life, spirits and energy are bounding forward as though there was no such word as "fail" in the headlong, break-neck speed after the almighty dollar. I, too, am feeling something of the impulse, *for your dear sakes,* and but little for my own. Not to enable you to live lives of ease and pleasure —falsely so-called—but that you be useful and respectable members of society, and be above the vexations and mercenary wants of this unsatisfying and selfish world, and that you may be better enabled to fulfill the varied and important duties, for which a kind Providence grants His blessings to His children. Study to keep down selfish passions, be industrious to acquire all that will be useful on the new theatre where you will probably be destined to play your parts in life—that you may be ornaments in society and the pride, help and support of your dear mother, whose whole heart is bound up in your success and happiness in life.

Obey and comfort your aged grandmother, and endeavor to supply to her the place of her absent sons, and in some sort repay her toil, anxiety and sacrifices for your parents and yourselves. I still wish you to study the Spanish language, and we will compare our progress when we meet. In this country it will be of great service to you in after life, and will, at all events, be a useful study and an elegant accomplishment. I am endeavoring and expect, in a few days, a *home* for us, just out of the

city, in our beautiful plain, near the banks of the American River, but out of the reach of its overflow, where we shall be able, with the blessing of Providence, to raise fruits and flowers, vegetables, vines and shrubs, in an abundance. It will go hard but I will have a place for Fanny's hens and *Willie, too* (the bird), and mother's cow and father's horse, that will make us all happy yet, if we can be happy with a *reasonable* share of our Father's blessings. You will, I doubt not, have had my friend, Mr. Wallace, with you before you receive this. I am sure you will like him, for he is a man after my own heart. * * * Your affectionate father,

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

SACRAMENTO, March 15, 1853.

My Dear Daughter (Mary):

The last mail brought me your very anxiously looked-for letter. The same mail brought also your mother's two, of January 4th and 10th. Yours I received two days the sooner, as, from the great number of letters this mail brought, the postmaster and assistants were three or four days distributing them. They, indeed, were most welcome, for I was becoming restless and apprehensive. * * * I believe that I stand at the head of the favored among all my acquaintances in this respect, namely, of getting letters. * * * I received a letter from Edwin

yesterday, in which he informed me that his business is paying them a profit fully equal to his expectations. * * *

I am much pleased with your description of your tableau party at Mrs. Field's, and what you say of the rapid improvement in Rebecca and Fanny, that they are lady-like, industrious and modest in deportment. Bless you, my child! It is these qualities that make the bright jewels in a woman's cabinet. * * * All men know that the most dazzling beauty is worthless, unless joined to the brighter gems of piety, virtue, and the Christian graces. Then, neither time nor change of fortune can rob it of its superlative charm, and all hearts will pay homage to its supremacy. I am always delighted to hear of all that interests Mr. Howard and his family. He is among the few surviving friends of the days of '24, who in every trial and changing event, stood by me, a *true friend*. * * * I shall not fail to send your excellent letter to Edwin and your uncles. We are in the habit of filling up the occasional gaps made by floods, fires and the more frequent sinking of the mail ships and blunders of mail agents, by these interchanges. Say for me to my old and young friends what I would write, if I had the time.

Your fond, though distant father, whose precious jewels are scattered in the world, but ever in heart of hearts.

SINCLAIR KIRTLEY.

MY FATHER'S LAST LETTER.

SACRAMENTO, April 14th, 1853.

My Dearest Wife:

The last mail brought me yours of the 13th and 18th of February, which gratified me very much, from the greater spirit of resignation and cheerfulness with which it was written. We have had another partial overflow, but it has only served to convince us that our city can and will within the present season be completely leveed in, and protected from future high waters. It is certainly better situated for such a purpose than New Orleans ever was, and the citizens of New Orleans have never possessed anything like the energy and enterprise that so distinguishes the people of California. I have purchased a block of ground about half a mile from the Court House in a northeast direction, which has been entirely above the high waters; is very beautiful and in an excellent neighborhood, adjoining Col. Edwards and Col. Sanderson and others of our best citizens. It is 360 feet square, surrounded by streets 80 feet, a border of 60 feet, which I expect to enclose. If I am blessed with health and prosperity, I hope to add a square or two more during the coming season. * * *

We have had an unusual number of terrible dis-

asters among the steamships and steamboats of California this season, until I tremble at the very idea of your coming to this country by that mode. The deaths and accidents are incomparably fewer and less appalling by way of the plains, and if I have to come for you, as seems probable, I never can stand the ocean routes. It may be that Cary or Lewis may go in the present season, but I hear nothing of it spoken of at present. My landlord happened to receive, some weeks since, a present of three bushels of fine apples, from New York, so carefully put up in papers, each surrounded by tin-foil, that they all spoiled, but left the seed in a very perfect condition for planting, and being about to throw them out to the hogs, I obtained the privilege of taking care of them, and have had them all planted carefully, in Mr. Suydam's garden on shares with him, and confidently expect to raise stock enough to set us out a clever orchard. In the meantime, don't forget the black locust seed, and I would like to procure some Osage orange seed for hedging. You see, dearest, with the blessing of Providence and with care and abstinence, I am hoping for several years of usefulness, a reasonable share of health, in the cause of my family and my Master's service, yet to be granted me.

My purchase of the ground I mentioned has delayed my remittance somewhat, but I do not intend to defer it unreasonably, and I am determined that nothing but Providential inability shall prevent my strenuous ex-

ertions to keep up that account. The new arrangement of a weekly mail to California is just going into operation, and I must now ask the girls to share more liberally with you in this labor of love, which you have so faithfully observed, and which I trust they will practise, continually, until the task becomes a pleasure. I bless you, from my heart, for your untiring fidelity in this respect. Edwin is on his first visit to me since he went to San Francisco, and is looking very well indeed. Remember me to Mr. Howard and all their family, and to my old friends generally. Give my love and duty to mother, and say I have been expecting to get a letter from her for some time past. I hope that the girls will take advantage of the weekly mails, and keep me well supplied with home reading. Tell them to be dutiful and respectful to their grandmother and yourself, kind to their friends and true to themselves.

And may a gracious God bless, preserve and take care of you all, and keep you from all evil and harm, is the constant and earnest prayer of, affectionately and fondly, your absent husband,

I cannot close this without testifying to the fact, that *never* was heard from father or mother one impatient or irritable word, either to the other. His conduct toward his wife was characterized by the most chivalrous devotion, while she felt for him an almost worshipping affection. Let us hope that their decendants may emulate their beautiful example. MARY KIRTLEY TURNER.

HOME LIFE ON THE BORDER BEFORE THE WAR.

By Eliza Kirtley Royle.

(This paper was written at the request of the Ladies' Literary Club, Salt Lake, and read before them.)

The old-fashioned business of housekeeping was, I think, regarded as a simple thing in the days of our grandmothers, and quite within the scope of any ordinary woman of that day, but with all the wonderful improvements of this age, it has grown to be a perplexing problem, dignified by the title of domestic science. It is attracting the attention of the profound thinkers of the day, who seem to be attempting to elucidate the difficulties of our poor harassed housekeepers by prize articles on the subject, written for popular magazines of the country. I have perused many of these papers without so far being able to get any practical help for our woes. They read well—for a moment we are inflated by the possibilities they seem to offer, but when we give them serious consideration, their full suggestions prove but broken reeds. Take, for instance, this lofty instruction from one of these authors:

"A housekeeper should discipline her servants as though she were a general of an army, but at the same

time treat the maid under her as a woman and a sister."

I need not here attempt to reveal the results to any Salt Lake housekeeper who should attempt these large and heroic methods advocated by the writer.

I have been asked to tell you of the old-fashioned home, of the manners, customs and habits of the domestic life of the early days of this century: to give you a history of the same from my own knowledge and experience. Here I must crave your indulgence somewhat if I seem egotistical, for I must tell my story as I know it, and I think I can safely say that my account will be reliable and authentic. My memory of a sweet, peaceful home goes back, I think, quite sixty years. I very distinctly remember several events which took place when I was about three years of age, but it will be the experiences of later years of which I will tell you this afternoon.

My early life was spent in the extreme West. My native State, Missouri, was a border State and a slave State, so that it is the story of that time and that environment of which I will try to tell. My home was in Columbia, a little town containing many refined and cultivated people and a town of some ambition, as it was the seat of the State University, and at quite an early time of its history it was fortunate enough to have a female seminary.

The whole domestic machinery of that time was contained within the home, and the dignity and importance of the mistress of the house seemed to give her the right to the title often bestowed upon her of queen of the home. She was indeed sovereign of a little realm of her own, reigning supreme over her large family, for it was not considered plebeian in those days to have children, but it was the fashion rather to have a goodly number of them, from six to a round dozen. Every household had its retinue of servants, and the number seemed not to depend so much on the size of the family as on the master's purse. First of all in importance was the cook, the chief factotum of the mistress, and not to have a No. 1 cook almost indicated an indifferent housekeeper. The cook was certainly the autocrat of her own domain; could dismiss the children from her kitchen when she wished, and always had under her control one or two younger servants who were hers to command, to scold and to cuff about when her patience was quite exhausted. The next servant in influence was the dear "black mammy," the nurse of the children. She stood really in relation to her mistress as under-housekeeper, having in charge often two or three young maids who did the housework, the sweeping and dusting and setting the table, under her direction. She was the children's champion and friend. She taught them good manners and good morals, and gave them that incessant care which the busy mother

could not give. What pride she took in her children always! We in our home had the sorrow to lose our nurse while we were still small children. A little while after her death my mother's dearest friend came to see her, and as we little tots ran as we always did to greet her, she said with tears in her eyes, " Mary Ann, your children look as though they had lost their mother. So long as Delphy lived, I never saw them with soiled hands or touseled hair." And so together these fair women wept for the dear friend they had lost, that dear " brown-skin white lady "—Rebecca, her pet, called her so—whose place could not be filled and who was never forgotten.

This head nurse, as I have intimated, was the mistress's right-hand help. She was often a skilled seamstress, and assisted in making the clothes for the children and servants. She taught the house-maids to sew, and trained them in their duties of waiting at table, etc. Then there was, too, the jolly old wash-woman who sang over her tubs and whose work lasted from early morn to dewy eve, for she simply took her own time over her work. The master always had his body servant, or " boy " as he was called, although he might be double his master's age. He took care of the master's clothes, blacked his boots, had charge of his office, and had the especial care of his master's riding horse or horses. Then there was the old coachman and gardener. No one but this old dignitary ever drove the state carriage or handled his horses. I can

think of scarcely any family whom I knew who did not have as many servants as I have named and often more. How such a retinue of servants were kept employed in an ordinary sized family seems now hard to imagine. I remember when only a little lass of ten or twelve years, I came to understand that my dear mother was a very busy person, and probably the hardest worked individual on the place. These simple servants were as helpless as children, and a constant care to her. In sickness she cared for them, nursed them and had to give them every dose of medicine they took. She bought, cut out and made most of their clothes. She was the purveyor of her large household, the supplies of her larder were all under her care, and as she was the mistress of a large and generous hospitality, such duties almost required the ability of a general of an army. Provisions were laid in by the quantity. There were large cellars, wide barns and the universal smoke-house, all filled with supplies which the mistress had to dispense alike to white and black.

The words of King Lemuel which his mother taught him, most fittingly describe the head of the old-fashioned home of which I am telling you:

"1. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"2. She seeketh while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.

"3. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"4. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth out her hands to the needy.

"5. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all of her household are clothed in scarlet."

You can readily see that the life of those early days, and the great demands upon the mistress of the home, had a tendency to enlarge the nature and develop the women of this country into the grand, stately dames whom many of you doubtless remember as your own grandmothers and mothers of blessed memory.

And now it is of that large, generous, free hospitality of those Western homes that I am going to speak. To keep the latch-string out was almost a matter of necessity, for there were no houses of public entertainment through the country, and but few inns in the smaller towns. The country tavern found in the towns was a place of such notorious discomfort for both man and beast, that any one who could give shelter to a friend would have been counted most inhospitable to have allowed such a one to have spent a night under its roof. Hence, the ordinary home was open alike almost to stranger and friend. My father's house was one of boundless hospitality, but no more so than those of his neighbors. You can readily see that this custom of free

entertainment brought the family into rare and even intimate intercourse with the best people of the State, and so the young people of that primitive time had excellent opportunities for culture and refinement. Columbia was the county seat of Boone County, hence the Circuit Courts were held there twice a year. In my home were entertained the distinguished judges and lawyers from all over the State. Columbia was also the seat of the State University, and during the sessions of the Legislature, the Curators of the University, as they were called then, men of learning and ability, came to Columbia in a body to look into the welfare of the institution. I came to know some of the most distinguished men of Missouri because they were the guests of my father's home. My distinct recollection was that there was always a party of some kind given by my father and mother. Sometimes it would be a "stag party" and a splendid game supper. Sometimes, if there were a number of bachelors, it would be an evening party where these fine men would have the opportunity of meeting the beautiful girls of the place.

The same hospitality was extended to the various religious conclaves which often met in this delightful old town. It mattered not what denomination, every house was open alike to receive and entertain the clergy and lay delegates who would represent these churches in different places, and I have heard my mother say that there

were no more witty and delightful guests than the Methodist circuit-riders of that day. There were but few ornamental decorations in those primitive homes. No bric-a-brac, but few pictures, and the furniture would now be considered plain indeed, but it was in the glories and elegancies of her table that the mistress displayed her taste. The table linen was fine and beautiful, the silver was sterling (the plated ware was not known until later), and there was cut-glass in decanters, wine glasses and tumblers, and nearly always, I think, a pair of cut-glass pitchers which belonged to the wine set and graced the sideboard. The cut-glass of that day was not so beautiful or elegant as we see it to-day, but it was rich and heavy. It must have been when I was quite a little girl that the white china with gilt bands was introduced, and a table laid for dinner or tea in a full set of this gilded white china, its old-fashioned silver and cut-glass and gleaming steel cutlery, was a pretty sight to see. I never remember to have seen flowers used to decorate a table while I was a girl, I think. The decorations outside the dishes consisted of the wonderful creations of the cook; great stacks and pyramids of beautifully iced cake, towers of fruit, dishes of nuts and raisins and beautiful sparkling jellies. These were the substantial decorations which meant more than the fading beauty of a flower. I am quite sure that the white china was first used in the thirties, for my grandmother told a story in connection

with this which made an impression upon me. There was an old Mrs. Higgins of that day of whom the family told a number of quaint stories, and this was one of them. Mrs. Higgins came to town to replenish her dishes, and went to the store where everything was sold and made her wants known to a dapper little clerk, who, when she said she wanted some good plates and cups and saucers, officiously displayed the new white china, saying, "Here, Mrs. Higgins, is just what you want; it is the finest thing made and the latest thing out." Mrs. Higgins took the plate, held it up to the light, and said, "No, young man, I want no such flimsy thing as this; I want something that won't show the dirt and that you can't see clean through. Hand me down some of them blue dishes there." So Mrs. Higgins, I suppose, clung for all time to the old blue china which we have come to admire so much to-day.

I think, dear friends, you can quite conclude that an ignorant, shiftless housekeeper in that day was hardly considered within the pale of respectability. On the other hand, I cannot in the time allotted to me do justice to the fine qualities of the men and women who laid the foundations for the learning, culture and high civilization of the grand old State of Missouri. The men of that time were esteemed for their worth and ability, and the wives of these men were everywhere received with courtesy and distinguished consideration, for, aside from

the personal charms possessed by some, many were true heroines by right of noble deeds performed as simple calls of duty. It was my good fortune later in life to know intimately one of these grand old dames, of whom it might have been said that she belonged to the advanced army of the Red Cross. During the terrible scourge of the cholera which almost devastated the land in 1849, this dauntless soul, with a friend who joined her, constituted herself a public nurse, a ministering angel indeed, going night and day attending to the sick and dying. She left orders at the hotel in the place, to be called to any stranger who might be stricken with this almost fatal disease. She kept a basket at her bedside containing the well-known remedies used at that time, and went to the call of friend and stranger alike. This she did when hundreds were fleeing in every direction from the plague-stricken towns. This heroic soul had no fear, but when her family would remonstrate with her—for they were in mortal dread that she, too, would be laid low—she would say, "The doctors are so busy, many will die before help can reach them. God will take care of me." Sweet and gentle soul, she seemed quite unconscious of the fact that she was of the stuff of which heroines are made.

My grandmother was one of the pioneers of Missouri. She went with her family to Old Franklyn, which at an early day was the depot for supplies and the out-

fitting post for the great Santa Fe trade. Many young men of wealth and enterprise came to this old town to engage in the great overland business which was so full of adventure and of peril often, but promising that for which men will risk their lives, a great return in gold. Many families were scattered along the borders of the river and along the border of the Indian Territory as well. Some of these had come from refined homes in the East, and had brought with them only what could be packed in a mover's wagon, and so found themselves in an unconquered country with but few comforts and no luxuries. My grandmother and other brave women like her did not stop to ask in that new land, "Who is my neighbor?" But their neighbors were those who, though miles away, needed help and kindness from them. I have been told by those who knew my grandmother at that early day, that they had known her to leave her home, attended only by a faithful colored boy whom she herself had reared from his cradle, and on horseback travel over almost impassable roads to the poor fever-stricken people, taking them medicines and many little comforts for the sick and dying. There was a young man from the far East (Hartford, Conn.), Elisha Stanley* by

*The children called this dear friend "Uncle Stanley," who came to visit his old friends every summer; never failing to bring each of the children lovely presents, which he had selected when buying his goods in New York. How our little girl chums envied us the little parasols, the first seen in Columbia, and the marvellous toys, never before beheld. Are there such friends as he nowadays? I hardly think so.—Mary Turner.

name, in whom my grandmother had become interested. He brought wealth with him, and had already embarked in the romantic and fascinating business of the Santa Fe trade. During one season he had spent much time in the saddle, going through the country to secure horses and mules for his outfit. While travelling through that malarial district he was stricken with fever, and confined for days in a rude log cabin among rude people without a single comfort and with but scant attendance. Almost by accident my grandmother heard of his illness and at once, without delay, she prepared to go to him. She fitted up a wagon with feather bed, warm blankets and pillows, and taking with her two of her trusted men servants and herself on horseback, she went with medicines, food, etc., for her sick friend. When she reached the place she sent her boy Henry in to tell Mr. Stanley that friends had come. She quickly followed, and as she knelt by the wretched pallet of straw on the puncheon floor, all the poor fellow could do was to put his wasted arms about her neck and whisper, "Mother." Though she found him very ill, she felt that she must get him home. With a promptness and courage most characteristic of her, she made arrangements to move him the next day. Bright and early the little train started, and this brave, strong woman, riding all the way close at the side of the wagon, watching her patient, feeling his pulse, administering medicine and

stimulants, until finally at the close of hours of anxious suspense, she reached home with her charge. He was sick for many days. Her goodness never faltered. He was faithfully attended, not by a trained nurse or paid physician, but by "one who did what she could," without money and without price, and with no thought of reward. This was the beginning of a friendship which came down to the third generation. Many years after my grandmother's death, and when Mr. Stanley was an old man confined to his chair by paralysis in his limbs, a friend of my mother's called on him. She introduced herself as a friend of Mrs. Kirtley's, telling him how often she had heard him spoken of in the family. He greeted her warmly, and after a little while he reached from the mantel-piece above his head a curious looking book, and turning the leaves he said, "I live in the past. There are the letters of my more than friend, Mrs. Peebels, and of her daughter, Mrs. Kirtley, whom I knew so many years ago." Thus these faded letters, the expressions of a friendship of more than thirty years, had been kept and so became the light of the fading day to one whose beautiful life had been the light and joy of many a heart.

I tell this little story, not because the good Samaritan of the narrative was my own grandmother, but because I wish to emphasize the fact that unselfish heroism was most characteristic of the women of those pioneer

days of the West. There were others whom I knew as noble as she, but they have passed away with their day and generation. I would not intimate that there are not women to-day whose hearts are unselfish, brave and true, but because in these days of luxury and ease there are no such calls for heroic deeds.

As I look back on those other days, some of them filled with sweetest memories, but fast receding on the shores of time, I recall with a throbbing heart Tennyson's beautiful lines:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Can never come back to me."

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

As we of this generation are so deeply interested in all that concerns the lives of our immediate progenitors, I am sure that a little information concerning my father's and mother's children will be of interest to those who come after us; also a few lines about our dear mother and grandmother.

When father went to California, the family returned to Columbia, where we remained until his death, when at grandmother's request, we moved to Lexington, Mo. We remained there, much enjoying the delightful society of the young people in that pleasantest of Missouri towns. Eliza married a lawyer, Mr. Jonathan C. Royle, April 23rd, 1857, and Rebecca married Mr. George A. Shields, son of General Wm. Shields, July 22nd, 1857. As they left the home roof, we broke up housekeeping and went to the Female Seminary, mother as manager, Fanny as pupil, I as teacher, remaining until the Civil War, when the Federal soldiers occupied it as barracks. We then went to George Shields' home in the country. Our grandmother before this had divided her time between Eliza's and Rebecca's homes, and died in Mr. Royle's house, after a three days' illness, almost the first in her life, July 9th, 1860. When the war broke out, we felt it

a mercy that this patriotic woman, who had always felt the keenest interest in everything concerning the government, should be taken before the conflict began.

George Shields, the genial, courteous gentleman, joined Price's army at the beginning of the Civil War, and was made quartermaster. He died at the age of twenty-six of army measles, in Little Rock, and is buried there, as is his dear little Percy also. George had sent for his family, and they were with him during his last illness.

After various alarming vicissitudes, we all left the farm and went to St. Louis for safety, soon after which Mr. Royle went from Lexington to far-off Central City, Colorado, a year later being joined by his wife and their three little boys, Sinclair, Frank and baby Edwin Milton. Precious little Frank, who much resembled our father, died there a few months later, at the age of four years. Martha, their daughter, was born there. In 1868 mother, Rebecca and I were urged to go to Colorado, and, with little Annie Shields, we made the trip to Hays City by rail, the rest of the way by stage-coach to Denver, then a town of 5,000 people. We remained here only eighteen months, then went to Central City.

Fanny had gone there to be with her sister, in the year 1865, and in December of that year married Joseph A. Thatcher, manager of Mr. Hussey's bank. Shortly afterward, Rebecca and Annie went with Mr. Royle and family to San Jose, California, and from there to Salt

Lake, where, on June 5th, 1873, Rebecca married Richard Y. Anderson, also a Southerner from Virginia. Four children were born to them, two of whom, Frank Thatcher Anderson and Mary Jeannette Anderson, are living. Rebecca, than whom there was never a sweeter nature, had some sore trials and disappointments in life, but she bore them with such angelic patience that her character was only hallowed and beautified. She was a devoted, self- sacrificing and loving mother, and her family were bereaved indeed when, on May 8th, 1898, she was taken from them by that form of heart disease known as angina pectoris. She rests in Riverside cemetery, Denver.

Mother remained in Central City, where she was happy in Fanny's sweet home. She lost her life, December 15th, 1869, by slipping on the icy boards of a porch, falling to the ground some distance below. She is buried at San Jose, California, as Mr. Royle's family were then living there.

I was teaching in Central City, where I met the Rev. Joseph M. Turner, son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Turner, for forty years professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York. We were married in Philadelphia (where I had gone to study successful church work), in old Christ's Church, May 6th, 1873. Like my father's, Mr. Turner's was a well-rounded, beautiful character, and all too soon was our happy married life severed

by his death, in Pittsfield, Mass., January, 1887. I have since, with the exception of three years in Europe, lived in Denver. Domestic in my tastes, retiring in disposition, I have never craved the pleasures of society.

As stated before, Fanny married Joseph A. Thatcher of Central City. They lived there until the year 1884, when, in December, Mr. Thatcher established the Denver National Bank, of which he is still president. One of the most distinguished looking of men, he has been known as a man of influence in the community, always. Here he and his wife have occupied an enviable position in society, and are known, not only for their unbounded and kindly hospitality, but for every good word and work. Their interest in St. Luke's Hospital (of which both have been directors since first its doors were opened) has never flagged. The Y. W. C. A., of which she is a director, has shared with St. Luke's Fanny's loving interest and care. Her church duties are by no means neglected. Indeed, one wonders how, in her very busy life, time is found, not only for every duty, but time to give as well as to enjoy pleasure. Hosts of friends testify to the popularity of both Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher. What this dear brother has done and is doing of beautiful deeds for every member of our family, a big, big book only could contain the chronicles thereof. God bless him for them.

As one reads from father's letters, Edwin, the eldest

child, went overland to California in 1852, arriving there shortly after his father, who writes of him and of his business. Shortly after father's death, Edwin was persuaded to go to Callao, Peru. There he became acquainted with the Hon. Wm. R. Grace, who afterward went to New York and became mayor of that city. But he and his charming wife and children lived for a number of years in Callao, where he was largely engaged in the shipping business. He formed a partnership with Edwin in launches, which carried the guano (the great bird fertilizer) from the Chincha Islands, not far from Callao, to the ships, which went there for it from all parts of the world.

Edwin was treated by Mr. and Mrs. Grace as a dear member of the family, and he became deeply attached to them all. After a good many years he returned to the United States, and made his home with Mr. Royle and sister Eliza in Salt Lake. On his way to New York to consult Dr. Agnew, he stopped for a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher at Central City, and was found dead in his bed from heart failure, after an entertainment given for him the previous night, in August, 1874. He sleeps in the cemetery at Camp Douglas, Salt Lake.

Mary Simpson Turner.

ELIZA KIRTLEY ROYLE.

Those for whom this mere outline of a family history is written will not deem it strange that a little more extended account is given of my sister, Eliza Kirtley Royle, than of the others of our father's and mother's children, because her life in Salt Lake has been one of unusual influence. From her earliest years she manifested a love for good literature, and read the books, not as many do for the climax of the story, but because she keenly appreciated and enjoyed the beauties of the style, or the "truth to nature" of the plot, or the high and noble thoughts portrayed by the author. Her own style of composition was insensibly formed by these high ideals.

Soon after settling in Salt Lake, feeling keenly the dearth of all intellectual pleasures and interests in that city of Mormons, she talked the subject over first with her husband, getting his hearty approbation, then with four of her intelligent lady friends, and proposed to them that they meet with her in her parlor every Friday, for two hours, and together read and discuss all those subjects in which other communities were interested; inform themselves in regard to the noted writers of all nations, whether of prose or poetry; study history, art, ceramics,

and indeed a large range of interesting and improving topics. One of the ladies was to read an original paper, upon the topic to be discussed, each week. She called this little weekly meeting "The Blue-stocking Tea," and served simple cake and tea at its close.

Is it surprising that other ladies, hearing of those delightful reunions, wished to join them? Soon Mrs. Royle's large parlor was too small to accommodate all who came, and having become interested in the accounts of the Sorosis Club in New York, she proposed organizing a woman's club, and renting a large room somewhere. All agreed to this, and they named it "The Ladies' Literary Club," and elected Mrs. Royle their first president, which office she held for seven years, or until the birth of her youngest child, John. Then she was elected historian, which office, I think, she held until a short time since, when she resigned it, owing to ill health.

Since the first inception of the club, this genial, sympathetic, brainy woman has received the devoted, loving allegiance of every member of it, and at the celebration of special anniversaries, she has been made the recipient of some token of their love and respect. At the twenty-first birthday of the organization of the club, a most beautiful and touching address was made by the then charming president, Mrs. Jennings, in which she rehearsed all that their club owed to Mrs. Royle's wise administration and wonderful influence when president, and in behalf of the

ladies of the club, asked her to accept the beautiful silver loving cup in token of their deep appreciation. Mrs. Royle was taken completely by surprise, but rose from her seat, and in a short address, which brought tears to the eyes of all present, and with most touching words, thanked those dear women for that proof of their affection. Hugging the beautiful cup closely to her, she closed by saying, "Ladies, I thank you, for I know that you gave me this *because you love me!*" She is lovingly called "Our Club Mother."

A friend who was present upon that memorable occasion related the above to me, her own eyes brimming with tears as she talked.

Like others of us, her life has not been without its trials, ill health being not the least. But the more than fifty years of the sustaining and unutterable love of her devoted husband, who has deeply sympathized with her in her every pursuit, every pleasure, every sorrow, has enabled her to say, as not every one can, "In *all* things, *we are one.*" The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, which occurred April 23rd, 1907, was an occasion of deepest interest to their relatives, their hosts of dear friends and to themselves, but the limits of this paper will not permit of a detailed account of it here.

"UNCLE JOHN."

As this is written for my father's future descendants, as well as for those of the present generation, the setting of whose lives, in a hurrying age, will be totally unlike the more primitive times in which their grandparents lived, a little story, showing how my father cared for his old slave, "Uncle John" (who died at the age of 103), may interest them. Father doubtless inherited several negroes at his father's death, but, with his great, warm heart, he could not find it possible to separate them from their families. So that as a young man of twenty-five, when he left Kentucky for Columbia, Missouri, in 1824, only "Uncle John," who had outlived all of his own family, and who begged not to be separated from his "Mars Sinkler," went with him to his new home. How he cared for the old man, before his marriage, I know not. But as soon as his own house was built, a nice, comfortable cabin was built for Uncle John, near to the kitchen, so that the other negroes were within easy call, and all his daily wants punctually attended to.

I have a vivid recollection, when only four or five years old, of being taken to see Uncle John in his cheery cabin, by my dear nurse, she always carrying my little yellow chair. Summer and winter a fire of logs was

burning in the big open fireplace, and I see yet the rows of bunches of herbs ("yarbs," he called them) hung upon the walls. Shading his eyes with his hands, he would call out, "Here comes Mars Sinkler's little girl. How you do, honey? Come to see old John? Well, I'se got somefin' fur you dis mornin'. How you like dat?" He would then give me the various rude whistles, tiny doll sleds, etc., with which he amused himself, and which he had made for me. Nurse would leave me for a while as I played contentedly with the new toys.

An old white horse was kept especially for Uncle John's use. In pleasant weather it would be brought to the gate, bridled and saddled, when Uncle John would tie bunches of herbs and roots to the saddle and, *with the bridle over his arm and leading the horse,* commence his walk to visit some sick negro, probably several miles away. Never was he known to ride in the saddle. All the negroes, for miles around, had profound faith in Uncle John's ability to cure them, not only with his teas, but with his incantations. As his teas were harmless, the masters allowed their servants to send for him. I distinctly remember the multitude of dusky attendants at his funeral.

M. S. Turner.

GRANDMA PEEBELS AND HER FAMILY.

Mary Peebels, *nee* Simpson, was born on a farm on the James River, Virginia, in July, 1776. She married Thomas Peebels in 1800, moving very soon thereafter to a farm six miles from Lexington, Ky. Their five children, John, Lewis, Eliza, Cary and Mary Ann, were all born there. Mr. Peebels died there, when Mary Ann Breckenridge was an infant. When she was two years of age the family moved to St. Louis, then the most important town west of Philadelphia.

They remained in St. Louis a few years only, when they went to Old Franklyn, opposite Booneville, on the Missouri River. John Peebels died there at the age of 18 years. Eliza Peebels married a lawyer, Mr. Edwin M. Ryland, and with him settled in Lexington, Mo., where their sons, Stanley, Kirtley and Edwin were born. Lewis never married, but Cary, who had become a dry goods merchant in Rocheport, Mo., met in New York and married a charming young lady, Theresa Kavanaugh by name. She lived but a few years. Lewis and Cary were among the first to go to California, overland, by ox teams, settling in Sacramento. They afterwards went to Santa Clara, where Cary married an excellent English woman. They, and their one child, Kate, died there.

Our grandmother, Mary Peebels, was of Scotch ancestry, although her parents, our great-grandfather and grandmother Simpson, emigrated from Ireland to Virginia about the middle of the eighteenth century. Their progenitors fled from Scotland to the north of Ireland, during the time of the persecutions of the Protestants, which continued from 1549 to 1575, until the death of John Knox. Hence grandmother Peebels *inherited* her staunch Presbyterianism. Our great-grandfather and grandmother Simpson had six children, John, William, Charlotte, Rebecca, Mary and the eldest daughter, whose name I forget. She married a Simpson (not related). She played the violin and taught her sons to play it.

As sister Eliza has written, our two family Bibles were lost after our father's death, the old Peebels Bible being one of them, so that having no record of the Peebels family, I cannot give the dates of either our grandfather Peebels' birth or death. I have an indistinct recollection of hearing grandmother telling us that like her own father and mother's family, her husband's also fled from Scotland, at about the same time, and that a colony of Scotch people after a time emigrated from there to Virginia.

Although a devoted Presbyterian, yet with it she had little patience with those who would forbid innocent amusements. When eighty years of age she would show

groups of girls, her granddaughter's companions, how they danced the minuet "when I was young," she would say, and most gracefully she danced it. After her marriage they moved to Woodford County, Kentucky, and living only a few miles from grandfather Francis Kirtley, she knew him and his family. I have heard her speak of grandfather Kirtley as being, although a very large man —weighing nearly four hundred—a gentleman noted for his courtly, old school manners, and as one of the most popular men in his community. Our grandmother, Elizabeth Walker Kirtley, never weighed over ninety pounds.

My dear father, Sinclair Kirtley, certainly inherited many of his father's traits, for he, too, was noted for his elegant, courtly manners, and his social, genial, lovable nature. He resembled his mother more, being 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and well proportioned, though not creating the impression that he was a small man.

M. S. T.

A LETTER FROM MRS. ELIZA K. ROYLE TO HER COUSIN, MR. M. B. BUFORD.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 19th, 1896.

Mr. M. B. Buford, 362 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: It has indeed been several months since I promised to write and give what information I possessed of the history of the Buford family, which seems to have been so nearly connected with my own for generations back. However, I know but little of the genealogy of the family. My grandparents were Francis and Elizabeth Walker Kirtley, of Woodford County, Kentucky. Their eldest son and eighth child, Sinclair Kirtley, was my father. His two sisters, Frances and Nancy, married brothers, Col. William Buford and Ambrose Buford. It was with Col. Buford, though, that my father's life was most intimately connected, for at the time of his father's death in 1815, he was only a lad of sixteen years of age, and Col. Buford was appointed executor of my grandfather's estate, and the guardian of my father, Sinclair, and of his brother, John.

The first mention you make of the union of the families is, I see, in 1777, and in the good old Virginia style

they continued to intermarry until the custom culminates in the marriage of the two Buford brothers to the two Kirtley sisters. These were my father's sisters. I can tell you but little of either of the families. There is a tradition with us that these Buford-Kirtley women were gentle and fair; and that the men of the family were dashing fellows, given to high living, horse-racing and the duello in the early days when the "code" prevailed; and that that inexorable law prevailed which placed every gentleman under a bond of honor to resent to the death an impeachment upon his honesty, truth or courage.

One verse of an old ditty has recently come to me from those old times, through another Kentucky family, more recently connected with me by marriage. Two years ago my son, Edwin M. Royle, keeping up the traditions, married a Kentucky girl, Miss Selina Gray Fetter, and she tells me her earliest recollections are connected with this old song. Indeed, she remembers to have been often sung to sleep in her father's arms to the tune of this delightful blue-grass ditty:

"Then up stepped Miss Buford,
So gallant and tall,
The belle of the city,
The belle of the ball.
She bet all her money,
Likewise jewels and lands,
And she fell very heavy
On the noble 'Skew Ball.'"

There seems to be something out of joint with the rhyme in the last line, but it serves at least to show that there were some "dashing fellows," too, among the young women of the family.

I can tell you nothing of the Frances Kirtley who married Francis Buford, or indeed but very little of either of our families. Perhaps on account of the peculiar relation existing between my father and Col. William Buford, that of guardian and ward, my father regarded Cal. Buford as an austere man, ruling his family and managing his affairs in a stern, cold and harsh manner. He threw every obstacle in the way of my father entering college, and of his studying law. However, the course pursued by the stern old feudal colonel with his young ward may have had much to do in forming my father's character; for he patiently bided his time, and when he attained his majority he entered Transylvania University, graduated at the age of twenty-four, studied law with his brother-in-law, Isham Henderson, a congressman, and afterwards became a distinguished lawyer in Columbia, Mo. I mention my father here because I desire to explain to you why I have not the family record from which to send you the correct data of the two families. My father, Sinclair Kirtley, moved to St. Louis in November, 1847, and became a prominent member of the bar there, but in 1852, on account of failing health, he left St. Louis and went by way of Mexico to Sacramento, Cal. He sent

there, by way of the Isthmus, a valuable law library and some other books belonging to the family, which to him were invaluable. Among these were the family Bibles, which had belonged to his family and also to my mother's. He died in Sacramento in April, 1853, and these books, so sacred to us, were undoubtedly stolen. They were old editions, and were very valuable as antique copies of the scriptures. California, at that early day, was a long way off, and though my mother made many efforts to recover these valued relics of our family, they were lost.

It interests me greatly to learn that you have found the owner of the old Buford Bible, and I am most curious to learn how you obtained the perfect and correct list of the members of my grandfather's family; namely, Francis Kirtley of Woodford County, Kentucky. You begin with Frances, who was my father's oldest sister, and close the list with a mention of the youngest members of the family, who were the only sons, Sinclair and John. Will it be asking too much of you to let me know something of the owner of the old Buford Bible, and also of whom you obtained the information of the Kirtley family; all of which interests me and also my sisters deeply? I speak of my grandparents as having lived in Woodford County, because I believe my father was born in Woodford County. I can only tell you a very little of the history of my two Aunt Bufords. General Abram

Buford was a nephew of my father, and whether a son of his sister Fannie or of Nancy I do not know. (Son of Fannie—Mary K. Turner.) He visited my father (in St. Louis) when a young man. Perhaps he had just graduated from West Point, for I have an indistinct recollection of a large, handsome young man, and I have an impression that he was in uniform. He was in the cavalry service. Sinclair Buford, named for my father, I believe, was a son of Col. William Buford. There were certainly two daughters in that family. They were twins, and one of them, Mary, was a frail, delicate girl who never married. When I read the newspaper account of the last tragedy in this family of mine and yours—the shooting—indeed the killing—of Judge Elliott by Thomas Buford some years ago, I read that his sister (a devoted sister) who had always kept house for him and had never married, was prostrated with grief by the dreadful occurrence. I had a deep, indeed a profound, sympathy for this faithful sister. I know that at the time of Col. William Buford's death my father expressed a disapproval of his brother-in-law's will, because he did not as amply provide for these two delicate girls as he did for his sons. Indeed, he rather left them dependent upon their brothers, which my father thought unjust.

Can you tell me who of these two Buford families are living? As you can well understand, I am most deeply interested in all that you can tell me of these mem-

bers of my father's family, so near to me and bearing your name.

My eldest sister, Mrs. Mary Kirtley Turner, a widow without children, now living in Denver, recently wrote for some of the younger members of our family a short account of my grandfather's family and also of my father's. Perhaps, as the Kirtleys are so closely related all through with the Bufords, you might be interested in reading this brief history. If so I will, if you so request it, send it to you sometime, as I shall have this chapter of my family's typewritten, as my children are interested in it. My father was one in a thousand, an upright and a most accomplished and cultured gentleman. As a relative of your own, which he must have been, I venture to speak of him more fully than I otherwise would have done. Some of the younger members of my family are deeply interested in the letters you have written, as they give information of the Kirtleys as well as the Bufords, and naturally they would like to hear something of the first Kirtley in Virginia, Sir Francis, of Culpeper County. This interest in Sir Francis amuses me a little, for as it happens these young people are anxious to trace their lineage to the sons and daughters of the Revolution. Doubtless the first Kirtley, Sir Francis, was a loyal subject of the King, a staunch old tory, and it may be he or his descendants were on the other side. I remain very truly yours,

Eliza Kirtley Royle.

KIRTLEY.

The first I find any trace of is Sir Francis Kirtley, of Culpeper County, Virginia.

Simeon Buford married, 1777, Margaret, daughter of William Kirtley.

Frances Buford, sister of Simeon, married Francis Kirtley and settled in Kentucky.

William Buford, son of Simeon, married Frances Walker in Fayette County, Kentucky, December 31st, 1801—daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Walker Kirtley.

Our grandfather, Francis Kirtley, died in Woodford County, Kentucky, September 9th, 1815. Elizabeth Walker Kirtley, his wife, died in Woodford County, Kentucky, October 3rd, 1807.

Frances Walker Kirtley was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, on the Shenandoah River, February 6th, 1787. Died at —— Hill, Woodford County, Kentucky, May 29, 1866.

Francis Kirtley lived in Woodword County, Kentucky, and at his death his farm there went to his children as follows: William Buford's wife, Frances, one-ninth; William Buford purchased the other eight-ninths from:

Polly K., who married George Rogers.

Elizabeth.

Nancy, who married Ambrose Buford.

Janetta, who married James Miller.

Mildred, who married John Merrill.

Harriet, who married Isham Henderson.

Sinclair, who married Mary Ann Breckenridge Peebels.

John H., unknown.

With expressions of regard from my husband and myself, I remain very truly yours,

ELIZA KIRTLEY ROYLE.

Mr. Buford writes:

"The first I find any trace of is Sir Francis Kirtley, of Culpeper County, Virginia." I remember well hearing my father, Sinclair Kirtley, relating the story he had often heard from his father and sisters, namely, that when his grandfather, Sir Francis, was coming from England to this country, that on board the sailing vessel was a beautiful young girl, who with her parents was also coming to this new land. She had beautiful hazel-brown eyes and nut-brown curling hair. Sir Francis fell in love with her, and they were married soon after their arrival in Virginia. Father said that from this ancestress came the brown eyes in the family, as the Kirtleys had blue eyes, but she did not transmit the curling hair to her descendants.

One very dear to us all, "now entered into Rest", made the suggestion that these notes of appreciation should be added to this beautiful book, so that the ones who follow us may know something of the love and esteem in which "Aunt Mamie" was held by the family. Hence, this supplement.

F. K. T.

May 9, 1909.

TO MRS. MARY S. TURNER, who has given us this volume of precious, sacred memories.

J. C. Royle.

Since our earliest girlhood, dear Sister, our love for each other has been most precious to me and this love of yours for me has brought help and comfort to my heart all through life. You have brought many joys to my home and have been a blessing to my household.

Your sister,

Eliza K. Royle.

Dear Sister Mary,-

I wish to express to you my appreciation of the noble and lovable characteristics of your beautiful life and character. Leading, as you have done, a life unselfish, faithful and true, your mind has been quick to discern, and your heart quick to respond to the needs of your dear ones.

And so, noble, loving and generous, you have been good and generous to me and to my dear ones and to your own dear ones; oft-times I fear, sacrificing your own ease and comfort for their good.

May God bless you for it all!

Affectionately, your brother,

Jonathan C. Royle.

I think my dear Aunt Mary Turner one of the most unselfish women in the world, for she is constantly denying herself to do something lovely for some one else, and in a <u>way</u> that no one else could do. A most beautiful example, I wish we could all follow more nearly.

Martha Royle King.

New York, May 10, 1909.

I feel as though pages could be written about dear Aunt Mamie. Her great love and devotion to Sinclair and myself has been very dear to us. She has been most generous, loving and sympathetic.

God bless her for all her goodness!

Mary Cross Royle.

New York City, May 10, 1909.

Being a namesake of my Grandfather, Sinclair Kirtley, I especially prize and value this record of his noble, manly, beautiful life. The assembling of all the facts and tender memories herein given, is the crowning gift to us all, in a long life of a noble, generous, self-sacrificing woman,-- "The Queen of Givers," dear Aunt Mary Kirtley Turner.

I remember as far back as 1869 when our beloved aunt began to give my Father's children their first lessons. She has been giving to us ever since through all these years, out of her purse, out of the best of her thought, out of the best of her love, something useful, of value, or artistic.

I think because I was named for my Grandfather, my dear Aunt Mamie has given to me more especially in a financial way, than to any other of my family.

I owe the beginning and end of my education to her. The position I occupy as a physician in the great City of New York I owe to her loving generosity. And I want her and all the other members of our family to know that this "Memorial Book" and all her loving gifts and help are treasured with deep gratitude by her nephew,

Sinclair Kirtley Royle.

New York, May 1909.

One man has the gift of separating his fellowmen from their money -- Financier; another has the gift of destroying his fellows in large and important masses,-- the great Soldier. There is the gift of tongues and the gift of prophesy; there be many gifts, but you, dear Aunt Mary, have the delightful gift of giving, and your giving is quite as much a tribute to your head as to your heart.

In all your fine career of loving, thoughtful giving, you have never turned out a more finished, perfect sample than this little book. My wife, my children and your affectionate nephew will always prize it, not only as a memorial to our grandparents, of whom we may be so justly proud, but a memorial too, of our dear, dear Aunt Mary.

Lovingly your nephew,

Edwin Milton Royle.

New York City, May 13, 1909.

Is it not just like dear Aunt Mary Turner to have thought of and compiled this charming little book? It would, I am sure, be interesting to even the casual reader, but what a noble inspiration to those in whose veins runs the blood of these same fine men and women whose characters are so lovingly set forth in its pages.

My children will, I am sure, value it among their treasures.

Selena Fetter Royle.

Denver, May 19, 1909.

The place left empty by a dear Mother's loss can never be filled, but my good Sister Mary in her untiring devotion and self-sacrificing interest in my welfare has very nearly approached that sacred position. She has spent herself for me in untold and unending ways, and her judicious advice and fine influence have stood back of me like a tower of strength. When sickness has assailed me and mine, she invariably came to tend and care for us, and in the crisis of a critical illness, when the nurse was careless and neglectful, her sleepless watchfulness saved my life. For this and a life-long devotion, I love and reverence her.

Frances Kirtley Thatcher.

Denver, May 19, 1909.

We are indebted to Sister Mary for so many things, and in so many ways, that it's not possible to enumerate how and when. For nearly a half century I have personally known of her active and thoughtful life for the good of others of her family and their relatives. It was Sister Mary who, a few years ago, with infinite pains gathered and mounted in a most beautiful manner pictures of her Father and Mother and their children and presented the same to all the members of her family, thereby preserving their personality for all the future years. And now she crowns the close of a beautiful and useful life by this brief history and loving tribute to the Kirtley family, and for which we all, I am sure, are deeply grateful.

Joseph A. Thatcher.

Denver, May 20, 1909.

I have always felt the tenderest interest in the story of my Grandfather, for, from my earliest recollections, his noble character was impressed upon me by my Mother, who loved to tell of the old home and its associations. I loved my Grandmother dearly; to my childish mind she was a wonderful woman. This is indeed a precious memorial,-- Aunt Mamie's labor

of love for their descendants, a living witness to her loving thought for us all -- and it is one more beautiful deed to add to a lifetime of beautiful deeds.

Annie Kirtley Shields Cooke.

Denver, May 20, 1909.

No, I am not one of the descendants of the gentleman so admirably described by your love-guided hand, but I do daily benefit by the inheritence of mind and manner his grandchildren have of him -- and if the third generation bears fruit due to descent from such a character, how much more may we expect and rejoice to see the results in the record.

Dear Aunt Mamie! "I was a stranger and ye took me in" -- indeed, and if I may not express my appreciation in as glowing language as others, nevertheless I do see much resemblance in you, his daughter, to the high-minded man you herein describe.

Good to us all to a fault, ever seeking an excuse to help in word and deed, ever holding up to us high ideals, your vigor and thoroughness have given me new ideas of the capacity of woman; so I count myself fortunate to be included in the circle of your kindred.

Persifor M. Cooke

Denver, May 21, 1909.

Being as I am a descendant of Sinclair Kirtley, I feel justly proud of him and am glad to say that the "Memorial" to him and his family written by my Greataunt Mary S. Turner has been a pleasure to me and will continue to be so, for all time to come. So that I greatly appreciate her and her efforts to help me in so many ways during my whole lifetime.

Stanley Shields Cooke
Fourteen years of age, August 9th.

Denver, May 21, 1909.

Dear Auntie,-

It would take a much larger book than this one, to hold all I would like to say in loving appreciation of what you have done for us in the past and are doing all the time. This "Memorial" of Grandfather and the beautiful home life of which he was centre and inspiration, with the glimpse of Grandmother and her dear Mother, will be a very precious possession for all time to come, not only because of the joy and pride I feel that these dear people were mine, but because it was your generous thought and work which has given us the record in permanent form.

Mary Jeannette Anderson.

Salt Lake City, January 28, 1910.

Dear Aunt Mary,-

Heaven is provided to give reward to such as you. On this earth you have the appreciative affection of those who know your loving generosity and kindly thoughtfulness, which you show in an endearing manner all your own.

If It is a reward for you to know that people are made happier and better for having come into contact with you and that the influence of your spirit will continue in this world long after you have taken, the journey to the other -- that satisfaction is yours.

Eugene B. Palmer
Married to Martha Royle King, January 1910.

Aguascalientes, Mexico,
June 3, 1909.

And lastly, there are two exiles, whose debt of gratitude to you, dearest Aunt Mamie, it would be hard to express in the limits of this page, for the years of your sympathy and rejoicing with us in days of happiness; for your loving-kindness in times of adversity, and finally for the beautiful history of our Grandfather and his family, which shall be proudly treasured always.

Frank Thatcher Anderson

Eva Kneeland Anderson.

ERRATA.

Page 86. Read "Mr. Buford writes" at top.

Page 87. Eliminate last two lines at bottom of first article (including Eliza K. Royle.)

Page 87. Begin last paragraph "I remember"

(Signed) M. S. TURNER.

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